

THE
THANKSGIVING HYMN

OF

A D A M,

ON HIS

RECOVERY from SICKNESS.

A VERSION from GESSNER.

By SAMUEL BOYCE.

“As for me and my House we will serve the LORD.”

JOSHUA, Chap. xxiv. ver. 15.

To which is annexed,

An ODE in Honour of His Majesty's Birth-Day,

As it was performed at the

TURK'S-HEAD, IN GERRARD-STREET, SOHO,

BEFORE THE

SOCIETY OF ARTISTS.

L O N D O N :

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Gift of
Charles Jackson
of Boston

A D A M

ON HIS

RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS

A VERSION FROM GESSNER

BY SAMUEL BOYCE

"As for me and my House we will dwell in the land of the living"
Isaiah, Chap. xlv. ver. 12.

The author is deceased

An ODE in Honour of His Majesty's

As it was performed at the

TURKISH HEAD, IN GERRARD STREET, 2010.

BEFORE THE

SOCIETY OF ARTISTS

LONDON

Printed by J. Williams, the Printer of the Court of the City of London, at the Paper Office, in St. Paul's Church-yard, and at the Press of the City of London, in the Strand, near the Temple.

Price One Shilling

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE AND REVEREND
Lord Viscount PRESTON,

THE following Piece, though but a slender
Proof of the Author's Esteem, is dedicated
with the highest Respect, by

His Lordship's

Obliged, and Obedient Servant,

The AUTHOR.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE AND REVEREND

Lord Viscount PRESTON,

THE following Piece, though but a slender
proof of the Author's Efforts, is dedicated
to acknowledge the Obligation he is under to Mrs. Collyer's
elegant Translation of Gessner.

His Lordship's

Obliged, and Obedient Servant,

The AUTHOR.

THE
THANKSGIVING HYMN
OF
A D A M.

I.

BEHIND the azure hills, the sun
His daily circuit nearly run,
Was sinking in the west ;
A redder glow his beams display'd,
And milder lustre cheer'd the glade,
Clad in its evening vest :

B

II.

When ADAM thus his mind disclos'd :

Beloved, ere the day be clos'd,

Oh, be my God *ador'd* !

That God who form'd me, and sustains,

Who chac'd my sickness, and my pains,

And welcome Health restor'd.

III.

Vig'rous as youth, he left his bed,

And to his cottage entrance led,

His daughters, heav'nly fair !

Prostrate th' Eternal *King* he fought,

His soul enrapt in pious thought,

Ascending with his pray'r.

IV.

The scene was awful ! all inclin'd

To sooth his fervency of mind ;

Serene as was the sun ;

The shadows lengthen'd o'er the plain,

Silence commenc'd her solemn reign,

And thus the *sage* begun :

.IV.

* Oh, sov'reign Master! *Lord of All!*
 Before thy presence, lo, I fall!
 With holy ardour fir'd;
 My heart its tribute-incense pays;
 My bosom beats but to thy praise;
 And all the man's inspir'd.

.VI.

Where now those agonizing pains,
 Which pierc'd my bones, and scorch'd my veins?
 They're flown, and life's retriev'd;
 Tho' grief and anguish rack'd my mind,
 My soul to God was all resign'd;
 It hop'd, nor was deceiv'd.

.VII.

Th' Almighty lent a gracious ear,
 The groans and cries of *sin* to hear;
 He heard a worm complain;
 Now fore affliction, torture ceas'd,
 And Health, like Phœbus from the East,
 Resum'd her wish'd domain.

VIII.

Nor tyrant Death shall triumph yet ;

Still in this clay, corruption's feat,

To God for lengthen'd days,

At the bright break of orient day,

At the serener setting ray,

My soul shall melt in praise :

IX.

Thy goodness it shall stammer forth,

While to this tenement of earth

Investing pow'r is giv'n ;

Then quitting its obstructing dust,

Ascending to the *good* and *just*,

Thee glorify in heav'n.

X.

There thou, O LORD, enthron'd in light,

Wilt bless it with celestial sight ;

Ineffable, divine

Then shall its purer transports glow ;

Then shall its strains angelic flow,

While cherub, seraph, join.

XI.

Ye bright possessors of those plains,
Where everlasting comfort reigns,
Oh, turn your eyes to earth!
This is the dull abode of death,
And sin, with epidemic breath,
Has here incessant birth.

XII.

Defil'd by that its centre shook;
Th' Almighty cast an angry look;
His dear regard was o'er:
Yet still his wond'rous Love he shows,
His plenteous stream of Mercy flows,
And will for evermore.

XIII.

Ye *Angels*! you can tune your lyres,
In concert with seraphic choirs,
Hymning divinest lays;
While man, tho' fir'd with holy zeal,
Weak man his rapture can't reveal,
He can but lift his praise.

XIV.

Oh fount of radiance! genial Sun,
 Whose circling race He taught to run,
 From whom thy glory streams;
 On bended knee, all in his sight,
 Here I salute thy fading light,
 Thy soft retiring beams.

XV.

When morning rays glanc'd o'er the plain,
 I groan'd, oppress'd with racking pain,
 And piteous were my cries:
 When they illum'd my humble cot,
 'Twas Heav'n's decree, 'twas Adam's lot,
 To hail 'em but with sighs.

XVI.

Yet, oh, behold what wonders wrought!
 In deep distress I suppliant fought
 Th' eternal living LORD;
 And ere grey twilight twinkles round,
 Grateful to *Him* I press the ground;
 Woe vanish'd at his word.

XVII.

Hail to each lofty mount and hill !
 I, on your rising summits still
 Shall the blue skies survey ;
 Shall see you, with reflecting glow,
 Remit the beams of light below,
 At morn, or setting day.

XVIII.

Hail to the warbling feather'd train,
 Ye birds, who chant in artless strain,
 Your Great Creator's pow'r !
 Your songs shall recreate mine ear ;
 Still shall your music sweetly cheer
 Each contemplative hour.

XIX.

Ye purling rills, ye limpid streams,
 Your flow'ry banks, when tir'd these limbs,
 Again shall be impress'd ;
 And as the riv'let gently flows,
 In murmurs soothing soft repose,
 Shall I be lull'd to rest.

XX.

Ye groves, ye bow'rs, ye woods, ye glades,
 Still in your calm, refreshing shades,
 Shall I delight to stray :
 While Phœbus in the zenith reigns,
 Emitting, o'er the languid plains,
 His fiercer noontide ray.

XXI.

In meditation rapt, profound,
 Again I'll trace the mazy round,
 Your fragrant, green retreats ;
 Where emulation swells her song,
 Where ev'ry breeze bears health along,
 And flow'rs shed all their sweets.

XXII.

I hail thee, *Nature*, all entire ;
 But Nature's God adore, admire ;
 In Him alone I trust !
 'Twas He, to whom I'll ever pray,
 'Twas He restrain'd this mortal clay
 From crumbling into dust.

XXIII.

The *Sire* of men thus prais'd the Lord ;
Creation seem'd, with fond accord,

Attentive to his pray'r ;
Pleas'd at th' averted stroke of fate,
And joyful to felicitate
Of life his longer share.

XXIV.

And now the glorious orb of day,
Shot his last faint departing ray,
Relinquishing his pow'r ;
And zephyrs, on ambrosial wings,
Breath'd round the various sweet, that springs
From ev'ry blooming flow'r.

XXV.

Nature herself was pleasure all ;
She own'd a sympathetic call ;
The warblers round him throng ;
Pour forth their softest, sweetest notes,
Exulting strain their liquid throats,
And hail him in their song.

XXIII.

The Sive of men thus praise'd the Lord;

Creation seem'd, with loud accord,

Attentive to his pray'r;

Pleas'd at th' averted stroke of fate,

And joyful to felicitate

Of life his longer share.

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O D E

In Honour of

HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY:

Written for the SOCIETY of ARTISTS.

RECITATIVE.

A GAIN to GEORGE, while Freedom claps her wings,
Th' exulting Muse, by glory prompted, sings:
Warm'd by the sun of goodness, greatness, pow'r,
She sweeps the lyre, and hails his natal hour.

A I R.

Say You, whom Liberty inspires,
What virtues shou'd a King adorn?
Shou'd he indulge ambition's fires,
Or like the genial summer's morn
Reign calm; with soft contentment crown'd,
Dispensing life and joy around.

CHORUS.

E

CHORUS.

O

If so, in England's monarch see,
That one King is, what *All* shou'd be.

RECITATIVE.

Mercy and Justice animate his mind;
Not King alone, but *Friend* of human kind.

Written for the SOCIETY of ARTISTS.

Springs Glory from the slaughter'd host?
Or from th' invaded burning coast,

The pride of future story?
So tyrants think; but, oh, a breast
Like GEORGE'S, feels for the distress'd,
And scorns such cruel glory.

CHORUS.

The captive lands in this agree:
We conquer but to set them free.

RECITATIVE.

Hail Britain! darling isle of Heav'n,
To whom so great a monarch's giv'n;
Health blooms upon thy mountain's brow,
And Plenty's horn attends thy plough;

Within

Within thy vales Contentment reigns,
And jocund Freedom glads thy plains.

D U E T T O.

From tyranny, and faction free,
Beneath thy banner, Liberty,
The sweets of life are only known;
'Tis for ourselves the fleece we shear;
Ours is the product of the year;
The plenteous harvest all our own.

R E C I T A T I V E.

In foreign climes long merit's beam has shone,
And Britain glow'd at GENIUS not her own;
But now her rising race contest the prize;
Their Sov'reign's smile bids native merit rise:
His happier taste woos Art and Science home;
Hence Albion's sons shall rival Greece and Rome.
So Phœbus, aided by refreshing show'rs,
Inspires the earth, and cheers the blooming flow'rs.

A I R.

Here the noble arch shall bend!
Here the column'd pile ascend!
Here the chissel'd image warm!
Here the vivid landscape charm!

E

Here:

[48]

Here the glowing Portrait breathe!
And Hist'ry win th' immortal wreath.

RECITATIVE

This happy æra long may GEORGE retain!
Long CHARLOTTE share the glories of his reign!
Hail, regal comfort, fav'rite of the skies!
As *Venus* graceful; as *Minerva* wise.

A I R.

Thou shalt ease the weight of pow'r,
With affection's softest art;
Thou shalt sooth the tender hour;
Love attracting heart to heart;
Divert the toil of pomp and state,
And make him happy, as he's great.

CHORUS.

From GEORGE and CHARLOTTE hence shall rise,
An offspring glorious, chaste, and wise.

RECITATIVE.

Still fierce *Bellona* drives her car,
And new allies protract the war;
Enough of blood has dy'd the plain;
Enough of blood has ting'd the main.

A I R.

[19]

A I R.

Come, gentle Peace, o'er Europe haste,
Spread thy prolific wings :
Thou brightest gem that ever grac'd
The diadem of kings.

C H O R U S.

Our bold heroes are victors ; Heav'n crowns the just cause ;
For our Freedom we fight, our Religion and Laws :
Well the patriot may glow, well the poet may sing,
Since Old England can boast of a British-born King :
Long, long may *Britannia* shine glorious in charms,
And conquest attend on her ARTS as her ARMS.

T H E E N D.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

Next Winter will be published, FABLES, TALES, and POEMS,
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